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LEAVES OF AUTUMN

FROM THE

VALE OF THE EMS.

BY

HENRY KNIGHT.

STAMFORD: JOHN FORD,
PRINTER, BOOKSELLER, AND STATIONER,
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1865.

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**JOHN FORD, PRINTER,
STAMFORD.**



TO

MRS. DIXON,

OF

STANSTED HOUSE, SUSSEX,

This small Volume is,

BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED,

BY HER HUMBLE AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

STAMFORD, Nov., 1864.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE VALE OF THE EMS	1
THE HAREBELL	9
ST. GOVEN'S BELL	13
TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT	18
THE CULLENS OF RUSHTON HALL	20
THE WESTLETON WITCH	26
CORALLINE	31
THE DRUMMER'S MARCH	46
WANSFORD IN ENGLAND	51
THE ELF-KING	55
ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT	62
THE ROSE OF SHARON AND THE LILY OF THE VALLEY	66
EGINHARD AND EMMA	68
TO THE MEMORY OF LORD EDWARD HENRY CECIL	75
MAY	77
THE BRIDE	80
THE BARD OF CASHMERE	82
ST. ADALBERT	85
ONE OF THE WILD GENII OF THE WOODS	88
THE TINKER OF SWAFFHAM	94
THE GLORY OF SUMMER	102
A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION	106
FLOW SWEETLY ON	109
BRITANNIA AND LOCHLIN	111
THE PROGENY OF TIME	116
THE WILD GAZELLE	118
THE VIOLET	121

THE VALE OF THE EMS.

I.

I KNOW a cool and sparkling spring
Among the silent hills,
Where violets white their fragrance fling
O'er gurgling crystal rills.
There could the poet lie and dream—
Dream out the rosy hours;
Ah! dream that life's dark-rolling stream
Is ever fringed with flowers.
No spot so dear on this fair earth,
Though rich in gold and gems,
As that which gave my spirit birth—
The sunny vale of Ems!

II.

I've seen the rainbow's gorgeous arch
Spring out from hill to hill,
When summer-clouds were on the march
To slake each thirsting rill:

It seemed, to fancy's dreamy eye,
With brilliancy replete—
A pathway thrown from earth to sky
For angels' glittering feet.
I've heard the voice of the water-spouts,
Their tramp along the air—
Among the hills the thunder's shouts
Awake the echoes there.
Though memory bears the wandering muse
Back to the swan-specked Thames,*
Yet memory paints in lovelier hues
The lovely vale of Ems.

III.

Adown the deep-descending cooms
The moss-clad ash-tree throws
Its arms above the yew's thick glooms,
To every wind that blows.
There, towering like the cypress trees,
The prickly junipers
Shake their green plumes upon the breeze,
Among the golden furze,—
Among the yellow, bright gorse-fields,
Whence the brown lizard sprung,

* See Note A.

Where nature, ever bounteous, yields
Food for the linnet's young ;
There summer leads the frisking hours,
All crowned with diadems,
To wanton in the fields of flowers
That scent the vale of Ems.

IV.

Once, on these hills, the red-haired Dane *
The Saxon arm defied ;
Here Edelwalch, 'mid heaps of slain,
Like a lion fought and died ;
And here, within a barrow, sleeps
Cadwalla's kingly foe,†
Round which the lambkin frisks and leaps,
And blue-eyed harebells blow.
But these old hills are silent now,
The battle-shout is fled,
And the green turf the warrior trod
Ensepulchres his head.
Oh, peaceful scene ! May war no more
Invade these vales and hills,
Nor carnage dye them with its gore,
Nor stain these limpid rills !

* See Note B.

† See Note C.

V.

Flow gently on, thou silvery stream,
Flash down the summer day ;
Thy life is like an endless dream,
Floating in bliss away.
Thy birth was in the æras old,
Ere venturous mortal stood
On these lone shores, or eye had rolled
O'er forest, hill, and wood.
Great was the shock that gave thee birth,
That channelled out thy rills
In the huge sides of panting earth,
Among the trembling hills.
But thou wilt glide as swift away
When I muse here no more,
Thy waters sparkle in the ray
Of summer as before.

VI.

Above those woods of ancient beech,
Now reddening in the blaze
Of sunset—far as eye can reach,
See yon fair mansion raise
Its head ; while bids the day farewell,
And gently comes the eve,

In each bright closing flower-bell
Its diamond drops to leave ;
While round it, to the whispering gales,
In many a perfumed grove,
Pour the melodious nightingales
Their dulcet songs of love ;
And, silent glimmering in the sky,
The star of eve appears,
As lovely as the soft blue eye
Of a maiden dimmed with tears.

VII.

Ah, Stansted ! many a grateful tear
Has round thy walls been shed,
And floods of sorrow wet the bier
Of him who's with the dead ;
Too soon thy master passed away,
Death closed that bounteous hand,
But green he'll live in memory
Through all the mourning land ;
Widows and orphans blessed his name,
Lean hunger shunned his eye ;
And he has won that deathless fame
That lives beyond the sky.

Yet sink not, poor, beneath your woes ;
 Within those spacious halls
A heart there beats, that cannot close
 To tender pity's calls :
May long, long years of happiness
 To that noble soul be given,
And orphans' voices join to bless,
 Yet mourn, her flight to heaven.

VIII.

Far on the seas the sailor's eye,
 Above the horizon's brim,
Sees, towering 'gainst the cloudless sky,
 A pile* well-known to him ;
Round it the jackdaw wheels at noon,
 There rears its noisy brood,
And the lone owl beneath the moon
 There hoots to solitude ;
The agèd ivy's tendrils clasp
 About those ruins grey,
Where Time has laid his iron grasp,
 And doomed them to decay.

* See Note D.

IX.

Now look ye, stranger, where yon isle,*
Set in a sapphire sea,
Reflects the blue sky's happiest smile
In all its purity ;
O ! radiant on the foamy tide,
Pearled by the rippling breeze,
Behold the ocean's queenly bride
Enthroned on subject seas :
I've seen the tempest wrap her round,
And hug her in his arms,
Have heard the thunders leap and bound
After the lightnings' charms ;
But beautiful amid the storm
The azure island shone,
And soon again her lovely form
Its sunny garb put on.

X.

As now the evening fast descends
Around me as I stand,
The weary peasant homeward wends
To join his household band,

* The Isle of Wight, the Vecta of the Romans.

And from the dusky vale below,
Up towards the starry skies,
Sweet mingling with the waters' flow,
The village voices rise,
Till darkness falls on all the vale,
And calls away to sleep
The listeners of the fireside tale,
Which children's memories keep.
Now down the heathery slope I wend,
Slow through the uncertain light,
And bid thee, as I homewards bend,
Sweet vale of Ems, "Good night!"

THE HAREBELL.

GAILY the harebell
Nods upon the moor,
Opens its azure eye
Round the cotter's door,
Hangs out its faëry bells
To the summer breeze,
Sports with the happy hours
Round the birchen trees ;
Playing with the zephyrs,
Skipping down the moor,
See how the harebell
Glads the cottage door.

Mark how its tiny bells
Mourn the setting sun ;
Swiftly the laughing hours
O'er the flow'rets run,—
Swiftly the summer day,
Speeding into night,
Seals up its drowsy bells
For the morrow's light.

Mark how the gentle eve
Hangs a pearl of dew,
Like a glittering diamond,
In its stainless blue.

See how the merry elves,
Little faëry sprites,
Dance 'neath the summer moon
In the shifting lights ;
Dance round the ancient oak
In their caps of blue ;
They've plucked the sapphire bell
With its gem of dew :
Wondrous it throws a sheen
From their giddy heads,
And, where the moonbeams dance,
Silver lustre sheds.

Mark how it waits the morn,
Waits the king of day—
Gives him its shining pearl
For his matin ray ;
Throws back its petals blue
Open to the sky,
Greets the strong mountain surge
With its happy eye ;

Strength from the breezes gains,
Lustre from the light,
Rocking in the mountain air
In its tiny might.

Once I, just new to life,
Joyous as the hours
That led on the summer,
Garlanded with flowers,
Trod down those faëry bells
In the beds of ling;
Little I joyed to see
Beauties 'round me spring:
Lightly I crushed those bells—
Crushed them back to earth—
Crushed out grace and beauty
In my wild young mirth.

May the simple harebell
Some sweet lesson give—
Teach man in innocence
Day by day to live—
Keep alway a thankful heart
And a trusting eye;
In the day of trouble
Feel his Father nigh.

Let not the morning light
 Broaden into day,
Or the shades of even
 Chase the light away,
Ere he, with upturned eye,
 Bends to Him above,
While the listening angels
 Gaze with looks of love.

ST. GOVEN'S BELL.

A WELSH LEGEND.

How wild and drear the savage scene
That far around me lies,
With winter howling down the blast,
And night upon the skies !
And those old mountains, capt with snow,
Robed in the night's black cloud,
Throw up their rude, fantastic peaks
Above that wreathèd shroud.

Here far below me 'gainst the cliffs
I hear the heavy surge,—
The hoary billows on the rocks
Rave out their ocean dirge ;
While dipping there beneath the wave,
Far in the gusty night,
Then gently rising to the gale,
I hail some vessel's light.

Oh, frightful spot ! these beetling rocks,
When storms are on the deep !
Alas ! how many sailors' bones
Under these blue waves sleep !
How many anguished cries have rung
Against these deaf old walls,
And but their flinty echoes fell
Responsive to the calls !

Here's close at hand a zigzag stair,
Wrought in the stubborn rock,
Now slippery with the green seaweed,
Where the big waves come and knock ;
And yonder, on that towering cliff,
I spy some ruins grey ;
The lichen and the moss have striven
To shield them from decay.

And close beside a hermit's cell ;
But the lonely dweller's gone,—
Gone like the days that made him grey,
And his dwelling stands alone.
To the traveller now the people tell,
St. Goven here of yore
A chapel reared, and scooped a cell
Upon this stormy shore.

And this rude pathway to the sea
Has known the hermit's hand :
How many a shipwrecked mariner
Has won by it the land !
Here in the black and angry night
The hoary saint has stood ;
The salt spray dripping from his hair
Went flying many a rood.

And up these treacherous steps he bore
Some pallid senseless form,
Torn from the very jaws of death,—
The plaything of the storm.
How many a grateful tear has fall'n
In yonder silent cell,
From sailor rescued by his arm !
Ah ! bid that hearthstone tell.

In yonder ruined chapel-tower
A silver bell he hung,
That high above the hoarse wild waves
Out through the darkness rung :
It bade the watchful mariner
Of treacherous shoals beware,
Of ragged rocks, whose stony teeth
His vessel's sides would tear.

There high above the ocean's roar,
Above the mighty swell,
Above the raging winds and waves,
Rang out the sweet voiced bell,—
Atween the thunder's mightiest tones,
When the blue lightnings flew
Along the silver-crested waves,
And lit their wrathful hue.

Old Time had touched the anchorite,
And bared his polished crown ;
The growing weight of tottering years
Him to the grave bore down.
Long had he to the world been dead ;
It vexed his soul no more,—
His longing eyes and willing feet
Sought heaven's eternal shore.

That silver bell, that long had hung
In yonder crumbling tower,
When all around lay calm and still,
Hushed by the midnight hour,
Was stol'n by sacrilegious hands,
When the hermit lay asleep ;—
A pirate band with muffled oars
Urged it across the deep.

As o'er the glassy sea they sped,
That like a mirror shone
Bright with the moon's soft loveliness,
Ere yet a league they'd gone,
The hungry tide gaped wide, and down,
Full many a fathom deep,
The boat and its unholy crew
Sank to their ocean sleep.

But the silver bell, ere the greedy wave
Had rolled o'er its pirate prey,
Was timely snatched from the sinking boat,
And swiftly borne away.
From the blue expanse, with radiance bright,
Came down an angel's hand,
And bore the consecrated prize
Triumphant back to land.

In some deep recess the bell he sunk
Down by the sounding shore ;
But ne'er across the midnight air
Its warning echoed more.
But bid the traveller strike the rock,
And the well-remembered tone—
Sweet—yet subdued—comes welling forth
Like music from the stone.

TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

O BEAUTIFUL Isle ! with hills of blue,
That rival the deep empyrean hue ;—
A sapphire set on the verge of the sea,
With the pearly foam engirdling thee !

Upreared far down the unchronicled Past,
When the young-eyed Time his fond look cast
On the rising land : with happiest smile
Thou greetedst that look, O beauteous Isle !

When the earth and heaven above were young,
When the cherub choir had newly sung
Creation's song, and the stars above
Were lengthening out the notes of love,

The floor of ocean was torn and riven ;
Thy massive pillars were upward driven ;
The waves rolled back from thy sea-born head,
And the blaze of heaven was round thee shed.

How oft as a child with wondering eye
Have I sought thy hills 'neath the summer sky ;
And thought thee fair, as the wise of old
Had dreamed of Eden with fruits of gold.

I thought thee a land beyond the seas,
With a kinder clime and softer breeze,—
That a balmier breath refreshed thy hills,
And played by thy sparkling flowery rills.

And when the queen of the heavens on high
Led the starry host along the sky,
And thy hills were steeped in her gladsome light,
Thou seemedst a land of rare delight.

Yet still I can love thee, storm-rocked Isle !
Look back on the past with saddening smile ;
Can think of the day when a mother's hand
First named thee Wight, cerulean land !

And long or short as the circling years
Shall metre a life in this vale of tears,
I shall think of thee with a quenchless joy,—
The wonder of youth—the dream of the boy.

THE CULLENS OF RUSHTON HALL.

A LEGEND OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.*

LOUD sounded the peals of boisterous mirth
In the old baronial hall,
As if Laughter kept the eve of his birth
To gladden the hearts of all ;
And the light streamed down from the silver lamps
On the old walls hung with the spoils of camps.

The helmet dulled by a century's rust,
The sword of a hundred fields,
The cold stern eye of a marble bust
Beneath the dinted shields,
Seemed like the leaves that Winter has spared,
When Autumn's gusts have the forests bared.

'Twas a marriage feast ; and the bride was gay
And happy as bride should be ;
And she glanced around on the proud array
Of the days of chivalry ;
And her eye gleamed bright at the bannered walls,
At the dim old pride of her fathers' halls.

* See Note E.

The bridegroom basked in an Eden of love,
As he gazed on his youthful bride,
Who looked as coy as the turtle-dove
On an April eventide ;
She looked as fair as the virgin rose,
When the blush of morn on its red lips glows.

The song went round with the brimming cup
At the joyous bridal board ;
Whilst the ready jest each pause filled up,
Till Mirth and Laughter roared:
The shouts in the quaint carved roof still rang,
And drowned the village bells' clash and clang,
When the door flew back, and all was hushed ;
For a lady, pale with rage,
By the startled revellers suddenly rushed,
Like a tigress from her cage,
Across the hall to the bridal pair,
And paused for a moment speechless there.

She was fair to the eye, and beauty shone
On a brow like drifted snow ;
But though anger flushed her cheeks alone,
Yet loveliness gleamed below :
Where'er she looked, and whoe'er her saw,
Stood mute as if hushed by the eye of awe.

She wore the hue of a southern clime,
Was nursed by a southern sun,—
Her long black hair—not a breath of time
On those raven locks had come ;
And the warm blood of Italian skies
Played in her veins—illuminated her eyes.

With a stern—a dark—a flashing eye,
That told of the storm within,
That seemed to wither, and yet to defy,
Did the impassioned one begin ;
Her words fell hot on the bridegroom's ear :
He trembled and shrank from shame or fear.

“ Oh, Bryan, the faithless ! where now are the vows
You poured in a maiden's ears,
When the voice of love my gentle heart roused,—
When joy was smiling through tears ?
By the firefly lamps through the myrtle groves
We wandered at eve soft breathing our loves.

“ Or lounging at noon in the orange bowers,
Refreshed by their fragrant breath,
How swiftly sped by those happy hours !
I dreamed not of this—or death :
I thought thy heart as faithful as mine—
That deceit lurked not in a breast like thine.

“The sun of my life is well nigh set ;
For love has yielded to hate ;
The ghost of an injured maid shall yet
Encompass thy righteous fate :
The venom of hate shall poison thy breast,
And thy faithless heart shall know no rest.”

Then seizing a chalice of massive gold
She filled it with sparkling wine,
And still in a voice sepulchral cold,
“I drink to thee and to thine ;
The tooth of want thy vitals shall eat,
And the finger of scorn thou shalt daily meet.”

Of its very dregs the cup she drained,
As if wine would drown her woe ;
Her angry eyes, in their sockets strained,
Shone with an unearthly glow :
Then dashing the golden chalice down,
She swept from the room with darkling frown.

The bride had sunk in a timely swoon,
Like a sickening lily lay ;
Her glowing cheek was robbed of its bloom,
Like a rose on a frosty day ;
And Bryan sank back with a look of dread,—
His doom in the book of fate was read.

But the lady fair, with the raven hair,
Was hurrying through the night ;
Despair was urging on eagle wings
The betrayed one in her flight ;
But whether she plunged from some rocky shore
None knew—for the maid was seen no more.

The curse was written, but was not sealed
With the adamant seal of fate ;
For the rising years but half revealed
The curse of that quenchless hate :
It crushed the heart of that gentle bride,
Who floated a wreck on time's dark tide.

The words of that night burnt deep her brain ;
That wild mysterious eye
Would, e'er and anon, come back again,
To arouse her misery ;
And time could not, with his soothing skill,
Withdraw the venom that wrought her ill.

The prodigal drained the hoarded gold,
Amassed by a father's care ;
Those lordly halls, now silent and cold,
Lo ! the jackdaw lodges there ;
There the leathery bat through the twilight flits,
While the hermit owl on the ruins sits.

The winds shriek through the once brilliant halls,
And the snowstorms weave a wreath
On the rotting floors and mouldering walls,
While the frog croaks underneath ;
And slimy things in the darkness creep,
Where the mists of autumn come to weep
In those vaulted dungeons, damp and deep.

The Cullens sank down to penury's floor ;
Not a wreck of ancient pride
Could enter at poverty's worm-bored door,
Its tattered old robes to hide.
The lady found in the hallowed aisle
Of Kettering Church repose from her toil.

'Tis even thus that the gayest morn
May herald the blackest noon ;
The sun of his proudest beams be shorn
By the tempest's sudden gloom.
Though eve be clouded, do not despond,
For a bright to-morrow lies beyond.

THE WESTLETON WITCH.

A SUFFOLK LEGEND.

'Twas at the dead of a wintry night,
The winds moaned piteously,
The stars looked out from their sullen depths
On a foaming, wrathful sea.

In a quaint old cot, long overrun
By the ivy's clinging feet,
Till the gabled end in green was dressed,
They could hear the death-watch beat.

A beldame lay on her dying bed ;
Her skin was wrinkled and tanned ;
Her croaking voice in anger rose,
And she raised her skinny hand.

“ Bury me not in the cold churchyard,
Where the hungry worm doth come
To feed on the toil-worn flesh of the poor,
And finds no daintier crumb.

"But bury me 'neath the chancel step,
Under that slab of blue,
Where never a sleeper yet was laid,
Nor the worms a banquet knew.

"Bury me not," she fiercely cried—
And she shook her bony fist
At the trembling watchers by her bed—
"In the churchyard, where ye list.

"But if ye attend not my commands,
Then the black and angry storm
Shall lift above yon stately tower
His huge and wrathful form.

"Yon steeple shall fall with fearful crash
By the angry bolt of heaven ;
Yon iron-tongued peal its own knell shall ring,
As in fragments down 'tis driven.

"And I will ride on the darkening blast,
For my spirit loves it well ;
Ye shall hear above the storm and crash
My wild triumphant yell.

“And oft, in the howling winter night,
When the waves assault the shore,
Like fiends that leap from their foamy depths,
Ye’ll hear me above the roar.

“Bury me there,” yet louder she cried,
And they feared what next would come ;
But her eyes were fixed in their sockets fast,
And her bitter tongue was dumb.

But they laid her in the cold churchyard,
With the sleeping dust of the poor ;
For the witch’s corpse, none dared consent
That it enter the sacred door.

There lies the tower ; its massive stones
Are crumbling fast with age :
For the people tell a storm o’erthrew
The steeple in its rage.

And of all the merry, joyous bells
That cheered the opening May,
But one now sounds from the chancel roof,
Or gladdens the marriage day.



But the slab of blue—the chancel step,
That the chisel never knew,
No name, obscured by the rustic tread,
Is carved in its sullen hue.

Yet often there the rustic stoops,
With listening ear bent low,
To hear the groans of the witch beneath,
When the howling tempests blow.

For she would not rest in her narrow bed
In the churchyard cold and damp ;
But she made her grave 'neath the chancel step,
Lest the cold her limbs should cramp.

She curses and yells with frantic rage ;
She howls to the howling wind :
With her fleshless bones she beats the stones
Under the trembling hind.

In the lull of the wind her weird voice sinks—
Sinks down to the faintest moan ;
Then a smothered laugh breaks up from below,
To be drowned by a deeper groan.

As the fierce winds roar the old hag shrieks,
And raises such din below,
That his hair on end starts up with dread,
And in haste he turns to go.

At first, with a timid, noiseless step,
Away from the slab he steals ;
But breathless rushes he from the church,
For he fears the crone's at his heels.

Methinks 'twas the gusts of the roaring wind
Beneath the old vaulted floor,
That filled the poor rustic's soul with dread,
As he rushed from the sounding door.

Lo ! this the day for the wrinkled dame,
That years have robbed of her bloom ;
She may calmly wait death's silent step,
Then rest in an honoured tomb.

CORALLINE.

YOUNG Coralline was a maiden rare,
But lowly was her lot ;
She was a peasant's pride and care,
And cheered a peasant's cot.
Beneath the forest bough she played,
When the summer sun on high
Above the verdant upland glade
Kindled the azure sky.

And when the eve, on the western hills,
Hung on the skirts of day,
And the sunlight glanced on flashing rills,
Or melted in gold away ;
Or when the night came softly down,
And clad those hills of blue,
Young Coralline, with flowery crown,
Swept over the glistening dew.

Amid the fields, and woods, and flowers,
Was spent her guileless youth ;
Like wingèd fairies sped her hours
Of happiness and truth :
And joy came tripping at her heels,
And mirth was in her eye ;
Of innocence she kept the seals,
And kept them faithfully.

And when the sun across her brow
Slanted his richest beams,
That brow like ivory shone, I trow,—
Fair as a poet's dreams.
Her hair, like threads of virgin gold,
Flung loose upon the wind,
In clustering curls did well enfold
Her snowy neck behind.

She seemed some fairy strayed to earth,
As may-be fairies do—
Seemed gifted by some nobler birth,
And yet a mortal too.
Ah ! there was laughter in her eye ;
Joy silvered sweet her voice ;
And every sound she threw on high
Bade all around rejoice.

There are some beings born to mourn—
 Keep Grief's cup ever full—
Drink Sorrow from the lip of Scorn,
 Nor let the passion lull :
And there are those that Joy has blest,
 That Sorrow ne'er has seen,
That Mirth in ecstasy caressed ;
 Of such was Coralline.

She loved to hear the blackbird's note
 From his haunt in the ivied tree,
Or watch the speckled thrush's throat
 Pour out its melody,—
To list the tuneful choir burst forth
 When morning flushed the skies,
When splendour rushed from south to north
 In multifarious dyes.

How oft she heard young Echo shout
 Down in the distant glen,
And thought some weird voice there about
 Was answering her again !
And when it flew from rock to rock,
 She deemed some prankish sprite
Among the mountains loved to mock,
 But ever kept from sight.

Revelling the livelong summer day
In the forest's trellised bowers,
She gambolled till the eve away
Chased the glad sunny hours.
What keen delight was in her eye,
When, in the pictured west,
She saw the night-clouds drifting by
To hide the sun's last rest !

The violets in her sunny curls
Seemed sapphires set in gold ;
And o'er long rows of matchless pearls
Her wavy tresses rolled ;
Enzoned with scented eglantine,
With roses from the wood,
That round her brow like stars did shine,
There she in beauty stood.

What diamond and what jewel rare,
Though on a regal brow,
Can with the summer's gems compare,
Or grace a leaf or bough ?
Show me the blushing bloom of health
Within the palace walls,
Or ruddy cheek luxurious wealth
Has tinged in lordly halls.



'Tis Health that paints the peasant's cheek,
Drops fire into his eye ;
There Art has shown no cunning freak,—
Her hand has passed him by.
Give me the peasant's chaff-filled bed,
His sweet, well-earned repose,
His real content, his meal of bread,
For all Wealth's empty shows.

'Tis not the coroneted brow,
Nor heart beneath the gem,
Nor bosom bright with diamond light,
Nor head with diadem,
Where calm content could come and dwell,
And peace with her repose,
Or joy the happy breast could swell,
Or soothe life's flickering close.

* * * *

Time glided on—she scarcely knew
How years had slipped away ;
Her summer suns and winter moons
Fled like a short-lived day ;—
But left a happy trace behind,
Like the crimson in the west,
When the glorious sun pillowed by waves
Sinks down to his ocean rest.

There in the bloom of womanhood
How beautiful was she !
With heart as stainless as her brow—
The throne of modesty !
What marvel that some noble soul,
A strange magnetic force,
Like some mysterious spirit, felt,
And wondered whence the source !

For such was Lyndon 'neath those eyes,
That seemed to read his soul,—
That glanced like sunny memories
Across his own heart's scroll ;
That seemed to steep his days in bliss,
To cheer the broadening road,
That opened up the path of life,
Where Time's dark river flowed.

His was a peasant's manly brow,
And his a noble heart,
That scorned to act the mean and vile,
Or do a dastard's part ;
His was the eye that would not bend
To the scornful look of pride,
That a world of loathsome villany
To combat had defied.

Ah ! he could love a peasant maid
More tenderly and true
Than all the sighing jewelled hearts,
That ne'er the rapture knew ;
And he could link his heart with hers,
Ah ! own her as his queen,
Call her the day-star of his life,—
His own loved Coralline.

Yes, that's the blissful dream of life,
The sweetest 'neath the sun,
When two young hearts that love has touched
Are melting into one ;—
When day's too long, and eve's too short,
When hours are gliding by,
And skipping down Time's chequered stream,
Like sunbeams from the sky.

Time saw them bound in wedlock's bands,
With wedlock's golden chain ;
And earthly love ne'er knit in one
A happier, purer twain.
They'd loved but once—that happy dream,
By no rude hand disturbed,
Soft melted into wedded love,
By virtue strongly curbed.

Thus bound, each other's mutual help—

The weak to trust the strong,
Life's perilous and thorny path
They journeyed stout along ;
Each strove to bear unmurmuring
Life's weary load of care,—
To bear the share of mortal woe,
To which all flesh is heir.

Not prone to meet each other's faults

But with a kindly eye ;
Each other's failings strove to hide
With pity's tender sigh :
Or else by gesture or by look,
Or seasonable word,
Each other warned—her gentle voice
In softest tones was heard.

As clings the ivy to the oak,
His giant arms among,
So Coralline with tender clasp
Unto her Lyndon clung ;
As falls the ivy when the oak
Lies prostrate to the storm,
The day that saw her Lyndon fall
Beheld her drooping form.



Their path was strown with many a flower—
With here and there a thorn ;
Lest they should dream that earth is bliss,
Nor man to trouble born.
But they had loving, thankful hearts
For all that heaven bestowed ;
And ne'er forgot the bounteous hand
From which their blessings flowed.

Years brought them little helpless cares
To twine about the heart,—
Sweet pledges of a wedded love,
That death alone could part ;—
Young infant eyes so full of light,
It seemed the summer's day
Down in their azure inmost depths
For ever loved to play.

And they had little sunny smiles
To glad their woodland cot ;
Around they threw their merry shouts,—
Ah ! sweeter sounds were not ;
And they could skip among the flowers,
Could revel with the spring,
Could twine the golden amaranth
About the forest king ;

Could weave the sapphire heather bell
 Into an azure chain
With links of golden buttercups,
 From the laughing meadows ta'en ;
Could bind the summer's brightest gems
 Around their infant brows ;
Shouting away youth's golden time
 Among the forest boughs.

And down by clamorous waterfalls
 And purling rills they played,
Or in the scorching noontide heat
 They sought some cooling shade.
When bounding o'er the echoing hills,
 Each happy valley flung
Wild shouts upon the willing breeze
 From many a joyous tongue.

Or when the yellow Autumn came,
 And opened all his stores,
And bade the grateful peasant's hand
 Unfold his garner doors,
Down in the merry harvest field
 Was heard the untutored strain
Of many a reaper, as he bent
 To cut the rustling grain.



Lo ! shouting through the echoing woods,
To pluck the bramble's fruit,
The peasant child bounds gaily on,
While beast and bird are mute ;
Or dropping on the upturned face
The ripened nuts come down,
Or rattling acorn from the oak
On the unexpectant crown.

When in the brilliant tinted west
Sunk down the crimson sun,
And Lyndon to his cot returned,
When his forest work was done ;
How swelled his heart, when o'er the trees
He saw the smoke arise
From that loved hearth whose circle held
Those dear to heart and eyes !

How eager strove each bounding child
Who first their sire should greet !
Each finger, with its tiny grasp,
How fondly strove to meet !
The babe that in its mother's arms
Was struggling to be free ;
With face all smiles, and eye all joy,
Was crowing out its glee.



And there, before the cottage door,
With pleasure in her eye,
With health upon her radiant cheek,
Fair as an eastern sky,
With cheerful voice there welcomed him
His cot's—his heart's own queen ;
Dearer than when a lover he
Called her his Coralline.

And round the blazing hearth at night,
By crackling faggot lit,
Gladdened by all their children's tales,
The parents pleased would sit ;
Or lead their little, tender hearts,
By words and looks of love,
To happier realms beyond the sky—
To bright abodes above.

Thus toiling on, the deepening years
Uncounted slipped away ;
And raven locks and golden curls
Were intertwined with grey :
While Care had traced his mazy lines
Along the open brow,
And Age had set his seal upon
Each cheek unblanched till now.



And sons and daughters, in their turn,
Mothers and sires became ;
Like branches of the fruitful vine,
Each won a parent's name.
In truth it was a goodly sight,
Around the aged pair,
To see, at fall of Sabbath eve,
Each household gathered there.

Or, 'neath the summer's deep blue sky,
To watch some happy child
Direct its grandsire's feeble steps,—
His memory thus beguiled
Back to his happy, boyish days,
Alas ! for ever fled ;—
Whilst he, with tear of honest joy,
Would pat its sunny head.

Or, seated by the forest tree,
Watching some eager boy,
Half maddened with unfolding life,
Loud shouting forth his joy,
Would play his boyish games again
Around that aged tree,
That once its arms with vigour spread,
But now as hoar as he.

How happy is the righteous man !
How blest his hoary crown !
How calm he shifts this earthly scene,
And to the grave goes down !
So Lyndon, 'neath the weight of years,
As calmly found repose.
God was his stay in weal and woe,
And soothed life's feeble close.

As when the dove hath lost her mate,
She sickens, droops, and dies,
So Coralline—her Lyndon gone—
Grief filled her aged eyes ;
She'd lost that step that long with hers
Had trod life's mazy road :
And now alone she could not bear
Huge Sorrow's mighty load.

That heart was cold, that, true to hers,
Had fondly beat through life ;
Her husband from her side was gone,
And closed the battle-strife.
Nought now remained, but, side by side,
To lay her down with him ;
And, calmly as an infant sleeps,
She felt life's flame grow dim.

These two full sheaves of ripened grain,
Fresh from the reaper's hand,
Were garnered for another world—
A holier, happier land.
Grief shed around their honoured graves
Tears from her streaming eyes ;
But Grief had hope that all would meet
Again beyond the skies.

THE DRUMMER'S MARCH.

A LEGEND OF HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, SUSSEX.

'Tis midnight ; and the pale cold moon
Flings down her silvery flakes of light
On mead and lawn, that bright as noon
Hang silver stars to glad the night :
And the shadows broad, and huge, and black,
Stand out from the castle walls,—
Show where the light through many a crack
In softened glory falls.
There high against the starry sky,
Stern ruin grimly dwells,
And lists to weird owls screaming by,
To evening curfew bells ;
And the tall keep lifts its hoary crown
With ivy mantled o'er ;
Where the soft zephyrs, stealing down,
As on some palm-fringed shore,
Like gentle spirits playful stirred
The ivied home of wearied bird.

Hark ! Heard you not that ponderous blow
Ring through those sounding vaults below ?
There ! it comes again—some mighty sound
Has dared disturb the silence round :
And on yon wall some form has stirred,
If my strained eyeballs have not erred,—
Some form so strangely vague and dim,
That seafog-like I saw it skim.
Ah ! hear again—yea, answering, too,
How sharp and shrill that bugle blew !
Again all's silent—sound has fled,—
All's mute as the tombs of the mighty dead.
But now beyond that crumbling wall
I hear some tongue to that strange form call :
List ! “ Drummer ! let's have thy martial tune ;
Come, play to the rounding silvery moon.”
List to the roll of that dreadful drum ;
From the ivied wall the deep notes come
Measured and slow ; no mortal hand
E'er thundered such on sea or land.
The frightened owl goes silent by ;
From yon tall elms against the sky,
Thick with many a wind-rocked nest,
Flies many a fluttering panting breast ;
And the prowling fox 'neath the listening moon
Joins his wild yelp to the doubling tune.



Louder and quicker rolls the drum ;
Distant I hear the war tramp come,
Nearer and clearer now it grows,
'Tis doubling to the doubling blows,
'Tis passing through those courts below ;
List to the spectral viewless show,
Seen only by that drummer grim,
Who thunders as it passes him.
Fainter and fainter grows the tread—
The measured tramp of the restless dead ;
It dies beyond those ivied walls,
Where lusty echo stoutly calls.
The march is done—the drum is still,—
Yet echo shouts on the moon-lit hill.

'Tis the grey of morn, and the dew-pearls lie
Untouched on the opening lawn,
And the big white clouds are sailing by
Snow-fringed by the rising dawn :
Some form is there by the castle wall,
Where I heard that tongue to the drummer call.
See now, with a stout and stubborn bar,
It crumbles the moss-grown stone,
And the dark damp vaults are sounding far
With a deep sepulchral tone.

'Tis a human hand there toiling on ;
Lo ! the massive wall gives way,
And a treasure bright as the golden light
Rolls out to the opening day :
'Tis the hand that the spectral drummer woke
In the night's dead watch with his thundering stroke.
But ne'er again from that golden hour
Was heard the unearthly drum ;
The Drummer he had lost his power,
And the midnight march was dumb :
Through those dismal vaults so dark and damp
Echoed no more that spectral tramp.

Years hurried by—the rank grass sprung
In the ruined courts around ;
Like a knell the stranger's footstep rung—
A dreary lonesome sound.
There came an antiquarian sage
With a wonder-searching eye :
He saw the castle grey with age,
And would not pass it by.

Through the sounding vaults, where the faintest ray
Stole in from the outer summer day,
Where silence and darkness long were wed,
Was heard his fearless vigorous tread
Invading the silence of the dead.

Through halls once glad with mirth and wine,
Where beauty reigned almost divine,
Where gorgeous plumes and bosoms bright
Threw back a flood of grace and light,
Where walls had once with grandeur shone—
Now all forgotten, past, and gone,—
He walked and mused,—on other days
He fixed his vivid mental gaze.

A wonder-loving tongue he met,
That told of the Drummer-ghost,
Whose midnight music even yet
Might rouse the spectral host.
Ambition fired the sage's breast,
To get him high renown,
Ere yet the dawn he left his rest
His boldest feats to crown ;
And close by the ivied wall stood he,
As a weird owl sat on a neighbouring tree.
"Drummer!" he cried, "come play thy tune
To the listening, misty, cloud-fringed moon."
The words had scarcely sunk away,
When he heard the clear responsive bray,
Within the walls, of an ancient ass,
Thus rudely roused from his bed of grass :
And the weird owl screamed from his blasted tree
In mocking tone, "What an ass is he !"

WANSFORD, IN ENGLAND.

'Twas a cloudless day of fervid June ;
The meadows, gay and blithe
At yestermorn, in the sultry noon
Lay swarthed by the whistling scythe.

And the rounded heaps of scented hay
Rose up on either hand,
A tribute that the lord of day
Heaped on a grateful land.

'Twas on the brink of the sluggard Nen,
In the sweating month of June,
That a pedlar sat him down, and then
Succumbed to the heat of noon.

He laid him down on a huge haycock,
By the whispering reedy bank ;
Snugly nestled, by twelve of the clock,
Soon deep in sleep he sank.

He slept him on till the sinking sun
Had dyed the blue sea red,
Till the toil of a summer's day was done,
Ere he stirred on his scented bed.

He opened his eyes in wild surprise,
He thought him in a dream ;
Saw nought but water and the skies,
While he floated down the stream.

His eyes he rubbed, he gazed around—
Water on every side ;
But soon he met a rising ground,
Curbing the rushing tide.

'Twas a foreign land, with an unknown speech,
That rose before his eye,
With a greensward changed for a pebbly beach,
Beneath a kinder sky.

Still on, still on, on the rising flood,
The man and haycock came ;
Whilst fear was curdling the pedlar's blood,
The waters played their game.

Wansford poured forth at every door,
And thronged her ancient bridge,
For none had seen such a sight before—
A haycock manned by a midge.*

On swept the cock, a fork its mast,
Which the pedlar firmly held ;
The prongs deep plunged, and held it fast,
As the waters round it swelled.

With sweating brow, and head all bare
(His hat swam on before),
He neared the bridge, while gathered there
The shout and water's roar.

Had the pedlar known a foreign tongue,
Perchance the astonished crowd
Had heard strange accents, that had rung
Stentorian, fierce, and loud.

But he cried, in a dubious, faltering tone,
" Good people, where am I ? "
" At Wansford," shouted every one,
As the haycock drifted nigh.

* Midge, which signifies a lawless person, is here applied to the steersman of the haycock. The term has become obsolete.

“What ! Wansford, in England ? ” shouted he.

“Good people, is it true ?

I thought I’d crossed some foreign sea,
With a foreign land in view.”

A well-aimed rope the pedlar caught,
And landed in the crowd,
From his haycock barque, with danger fraught,
Ere the waters wove his shroud.

“Wansford, in England,” still is rife,
And the curious eye may find
Where the painter strove to give it life,
With the crowded bridge behind.

This lesson learn all pedlars, then,
Ne’er on a haycock sleep,
That lies in the vale of the subtle Nen,
Lest she lodge you in the deep.

THE ELF-KING.

A NORSE LEGEND.

'Twas on a golden summer's day,
The white light lay on the mountain's crown,
The light winds curled the clouds like spray
That rose from the cataracts thundering down.
From her pine-built home a young Norse maid
Roamed up a wild and rock-strewn glen,
And there on the mountain-side she played,
Far from the eyes and haunts of men. .

Scarce fifteen summers had she seen,
Yet she loved her dear old fatherland,
With its ancient mountains clothed in sheen,
As dear as she loved her household band.
Her blue eyes caught the silver light
Flung down by the shouting waterfalls;
And a look of wonder, tinged with fright,
Grew on her at young Echo's calls.



At noon the fierce sun's burning eye
A moment swept down the mountain's side,
And, gently slumbering, saw her lie,
Adorned like a Viking's jewelled bride.
She'd robbed the summer's fairy bowers
To twine in her glistening golden hair ;
To match her eyes she'd azure flowers,
Wove with a maiden's choicest care.

She slept not long—a hand she felt,
Huge and rough as a giant's of old ;
A monster by the maiden knelt,—
And the monster's touch was icy cold.
Bent o'er her face the fierce Elf-King,
With his ragged locks of grizzled grey ;
His big oath made the valleys ring,
That, by Thor, he would wed her that day.

With ruffian joy he seized his prize,—
One ringing shriek, and the maid was gone ;
No more to look on Arctic skies,
Or glad her eyes with the Northern dawn.
A hurried step his will obeyed ;
Deep in the night of a yawning cave
He bore away the unconscious maid,
And no mortal arm was near to save.

There in barbaric state he dwelt,—

His home in the mountain's hollow core :

That home of cold no sun e'er felt,

Nor warmed the blood of the son of Thor.

The roof was bright with many a gem,

That glowed like stars on a frosty night ;

The jeweller's skill had not fashioned them,

Nor shown to the day their quenchless light.

'Twas a wondrous home the earthquakes built,

Meet for the son of the mighty Thor ;

There Nature blindly jewels spilt

In the glittering dust of the marble floor.

The Norse maid with a look of dread

Eyed dome and floor in the mystic light ;

But that shaggy form and hideous head

Her tender breast filled with affright.

He could not woo as mortals woo,

He knew nor the look nor the voice of love ;

At his softest tones she backward drew :

'Twas like a lion wooing a dove.

That was no home for heart like hers,

With all its barbaric pomp and pride ;

Her soul was such as sunshine stirs,—

She loved to play on the mountain's side.

Her fearful shriek had found an ear ;—

Her father knew by its boding ring

'Twas his child's voice, whilst trembling fear

Whispered the name of the fierce Elf-King.

His old stout heart was seized with dread,

And a horror chilled his quaking frame :

Ah ! would she'd slumbered with the dead

Ere the bride of the Elf-King she became.

Could the bell of the village church

Be borne ere eve to the mountain's crown,

And hung on the bough of a birch,

And rung till the reddened sun be down,

The Norse his daughter would regain,

And the Elf-King lose a spotless bride :

Such legends in his youth he'd heard,

As he clomb that mighty mountain's side.

Soon sturdy arms and hearts are found,

And away they bear the ponderous bell ;

And soon the bleak old mountains round

Shake their hoar heads in the fitful swell.

Ring on, ring on, ye stalwart men !

Ring on till the set of the sinking sun ;

Ring on till shades creep up the glen,

Till night on the fiord has begun.

Hark ! from the mountain's jewelled core
Breaks forth a roar, and anon a yell ;
Did ever man hear such before ?
It drowns the thunder-boom of the bell.
Ah ! well he knows that threatening sound,—
It tears from his arms the beauteous maid,
That he in the noontide sun has found
Asleep, where the young winds with her played.

Ring on, ring on, ye sturdy Norse !
The sun has kissed the reddening wave ;
The Elf-King's rage is growing hoarse,
His bride has swooned in her jewelled cave ;
For she had caught the welcome sound,
And upward had gazed with hopeful eye ;
But it met the Elf-King's horrid frown,
And she drooped like a lily doomed to die.

Fierce oaths and groans are bursting out—
Vomited hot from his panting breast,
And grief and anger dull the shout
Of the Norse upon the mountain's crest.
The mountains tremble round with dread ;
The echoes flee—yet they know not why :
All watch the cave for the monster's head,
With its shaggy brow and frenzied eye.

Toil on, toil on, ye sturdy men !
For half of the fiery sun is gone ;
The shades of night come up the glen
And o'er the hills, till the morrow's dawn.
Each eye is turned to the glowing west,
Each ear is bent to the mountain cave :
O speed thee, sun, to thy ocean rest,
And pillow thee on the western wave.

The maid had risen ; the Elf-King lay,
With half-closed eyes on the cavern floor ;
She thought with joy of the outer day,
That just glanced in at some secret door ;
When, sad to tell ! the bell-rope broke,
Ere the sun had sunk in the crimsoned wave,
And the Elf-King's laugh the laughter woke
Of many a distant mocking cave.

Ah ! loud he laughed, as the bounding bell
Rushed over the sounding rocks below ;
From a dark abyss broke up the knell
Of the broken bell, from its grave of snow.
Deep-set despair then settled o'er
Their faces red in the sinking sun,
For they would see the maid no more,
With her laughing eye and sprightly fun.



The father weeps with anguish wild,
For who can refill his soul's dark void ?
The rising years can bring no child
Like her who once with the summer toyed.
The Elf-King tunes his Runic rhymes,
For he has won him a peerless bride,
Fairer than dwells in Asian climes,
An Elf-Queen crowned and throned by his side.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE
CONSORT.

AN angel has swiftly passed,
On the cold and bitter blast,
His pinions black as the jet of night,
With the storms of winter about his path,
As still as a cloud through the quivering light.
I know he a summons hath,
Endorsed with the name and hand of Death,
That shall stop some stream of mortal breath.
His footstep entered the royal dome
At the van of the midnight hour,
And a Prince was called from his earthly home
By that mysterious power.
The death-dew stood on the Royal brow,
The lips grew wan and chill;
That noble heart was beating slow,
Then stopped, for ever still.
There strong in her grief unuttered was seen,
In that chamber of death, the widowed Queen.

The City * lay asleep,
In the stillness calm and deep,
When there broke across the midnight air
The royal funereal bell ;
And the sleepers started amid their dreams
At Death's deep, solemn knell.
'Twas a tale of woe it told ;
Deep, awful, calm, and slow,
Down through the chilly, windless air,
Did the solemn tidings go ;
And a tremor crept o'er each startled soul,
As if touched by the hand of Death,
And the ear was pained by the tongue of woe
That told it, of human breath
Cut off from life ere its golden prime
Had been touched by the silvering hand of Time.

Up rose the Sabbath light,
Calm, and beautiful, and bright ;
It seemed to mock the eye of grief,
Which everywhere it met.
Fallen, fallen, of England's Chiefs the chief ;
His sun in its prime had set :
It had sudden sunk from the splendour of noon,
Wrapped in the clouds of awe and gloom.

* London.

The flag of death hung down
From Windsor's ancient towers,
O'er England's widowed and sorrowing Queen,
Alone in her lonely bowers.
But she was not alone in her grief:
How many a tear unseen,
How many a heart was wrung with pain,
That felt for the Mother and Queen !
Death seemed to have entered at every door,
From the palace and hall to the cot of the poor.

Mourn ! Britain, mourn !
Mourn o'er the illustrious dead !
Affection watches around the bier
Where sorrow's sad tears are shed.
Up rose a nation's anguish,
And every face grew pale,
While joy was drowned in sadness
Amid the peoples' wail.
The heavy boom of the gun,
The sound of the muffled bell,
The gloom that sits on every brow,
The same sad tidings tell ;
'Tis felt where'er the British flag's unfurled,
Through mightiest realms of a startled world.

Let it bind our Queen to her people,
With a bond that nought can sever.
Can the memory of the slumberer
In Britain die ? Ah, never !
Let us pray that God may bless her
With a long and glorious reign ;
That a crown above await her
When she meets with her spouse again.

THE ROSE OF SHARON AND THE LILY
OF THE VALLEY.

WHERE'S now the blooming Sharon rose,
Once regal in the vale,
That, blushing to the crimson skies,
Scented the morning gale ?
Or, fragrant on the breath of eve,
Embraced the sun's last ray
Within its folding petals soft,
That gently stole away ?

Where's now the valley's virgin pride—
The lily of the vale,
That, gazing on the opal skies,
Refreshed the heated gale ;—
Whose perfume on the morning's wing
Sped o'er old Judah's land
To mingle with the frankincense
In hot Arabia's sand ?

The rose is dead in Sharon's vale,—
Withered the lily lies ;
No more their mingling incense climbs
To bless those peaceful skies.
The wild simoom—the desert's breath
Rides curbless down the plain :
There ne'er till God on Israel smile
Will beauty smile again.

EGINHARD AND EMMA.

A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

DREIEICHENHAIN lay white with snow
Beneath the wing of night,
And beautiful the tall pine-trees
Waved in the pale cold light.

The cares of empire ploughed the brow,
And racked the heated brain,
Drove sleep despairing from the couch
Of the mighty Charlemagne.

With heavy tread, and a heavier heart,
He paced the sounding floor,
But oft looked out on the snow-clad earth
With crystals sprinkled o'er.

Near midnight, lo ! a lady, he,
With careful step and slow,
Saw bear some form from his daughter's door,
Across the feathery snow.



She bore no mighty empire's weight,
E'en such as weighed him down,
Nor cares of State with thorns of steel,
That lined the Kaiser's crown.

A burst of moonlight on her brow
Revealed his daughter's face :
But who from her fair shoulders hung
With such unknightly grace ?

Young Eginhard she long had loved—
Her father's favourite page ;
At night in secret they had met
To escape the Kaiser's rage.

She loved him as she loved her soul ;
Although the gulf between
Seemed broader than herself could span :
Nor bridge to span was seen.

That night, when came the parting hour,
Sudden he started back ;
For well he knew the tell-tale snow
Would show the lover's track.



Then Emma lent her willing strength,
Never so tried before,
And slow across the palace court
Young Eginhard she bore.

But when the Kaiser met the twain,
Then burst his anger forth,
As fierce as when in battle he
Bore down the rebel North.

From home, from friends, he sundered them,
Although it wrung his heart,
And saddened much his waning years,
From his daughter thus to part.

There was a void within his soul
No other form could fill,—
An aching void—a yearning strong,
That time alone could kill.

Oft in the sleepless hours of night
Her name was on his tongue,—
Her form through his dreams like a spirit stole,
And about his memory clung.

* * * * *

Forth rode the Kaiser, as the morn
Looked down the bending Rhine,
To hunt the boar in beechen groves,
And woods of sombre pine.

Down echoing aisles of lime he went
With all his courtly train ;
And the wild forests rang again
With the shouts of Allemaine.

The Kaiser held the boar at bay,
And drove his crimsoned spear
Through the tusked monster, as he rent
The dogs that ventured near.

'Twas in the chase he taught them war :
The firm and steady hand
That home could drive the hunting spear,
Could wield the battle brand.

Hungry and faint—both steed and man—
He spied a lonely cot,
Embowered in ancient linden-trees—
A lovely, sunlit spot.



Before the door a beauteous boy
Was sporting in the sun;
There was something in that child's bright eye
That the Kaiser's proud heart won.

For, leaping from his reeking steed,
As the boy looked up and smiled,
He caught him in his arms, and thought
He claspt a peasant's child.

“ Oh, had a grandchild like to this
These weary years have joyed,
To hold the place my daughter held,
And fill this aching void ! ”

There was a trembling in his voice,
A teardrop in his eye ;
And as he held the wondering boy,
The warrior heaved a sigh.

Seated beneath that humble roof,
He held him on his knee ;
For well his sunny smiles lit up
Karl's gloomy memory.



The boy's young mother trembling sped
With all a housewife's care,
And soon before the monarch spread
A peasant's frugal fare.

And a rare and savoury dish she brought,
Such as his daughter made,
Ere she from his drear palace walls
Upon the wide world strayed.

He scanned the mother—then the child,
Till recollection drew
A picture on his fond old heart,
That memory instant knew.

Then sudden to her father's arms
His daughter Emma rushed,
Who claspt her to his bursting heart,
As their mingling teardrops gushed.

That moment he forgave the past :
His daughter he'd re-won ;
And Eginhard, his favourite page,
Became a Kaiser's son.

Seligenstadt, the spot he named—

The city of the blest :

For a Kaiser there his daughter found,

And an aching heart found rest.

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD EDWARD
H. CECIL.

SAD broke the knell o'er Burghley's mourning shades;
It seemed to linger in those aisles of green,
Where yellow Autumn had fresh strewn the glades,
And hung his golden pennons high atween.

Amid those groves of hoar, majestic oak,
The funeral cortége mournful wound along,
Where once the sleeper's joyous voice awoke
Responsive echoes to his courtly song.

But he has dropped, with Autumn's yellow leaf—
Dropped, ere his youth had ripened into prime;
And o'er him waves the panoply of grief,
Who drooped and withered in our chilly clime.

Our land has lost a brave and loyal son—
One who ne'er flinched at danger's threat'ning eye—
Who fearless marched where duty led him on,
And in his country's cause would win or die.

His the keen eye that found the Russian foe
Round Eupatoria in the black of night ;
His was the ready arm that dealt the blow,
That roused his comrades to the sudden fight.

Then mourn o'er him who shines on history's page,—
A youthful hero, flash-like, sped away :
His name a beacon to an unborn age ;
His memory living in our hearts for aye.

MAY.

A DAMSEL fair and blushing,
And rosy as the light
That, up the orient rushing,
Is streaming on the night,
Came tripping o'er the meadows,
Where yet the dew-pearls lay,
In the faint, short'ning shadows,
Just melting into day.

Her hair was gemmed with flowers
Of every scent and hue
She'd stol'n from April's bowers,
And each was wet with dew.
Her bright curls o'er her shoulders
With morn's young zephyrs played ;
With wonder filled beholders,
That met the blithesome maid.

She wore a wreath of myrtle,
With orange flowers entwined ;
And down her snow-white kirtle
The amaranth wooed the wind :
Her bosom decked with posies—
Immortelles rich and rare—
Paled the deep blush of roses,
That scented breast so fair.

With step light as the shadows,
Her fairy, sandalled feet,
On the green grass of the meadows,
Like sweet pulsations beat :
It seemed to green with pleasure
Around her airy tread ;
And the daisies danced in measure,
And each one bent its head.

The songsters stopt to listen
To breathings of her lyre :
I saw their bright eyes glisten,
As lit with holy fire.
The young airs round her playing
Would sweep the silver strings,
And echo round her straying
Gave the strange music wings.

Was ne'er so fair a maiden,
 'Mid all the fair of earth ;
Nor breast with beauty laden,
 Nor eye so full of mirth.
The sunbeams fondly kissed her—
 With splendour paved her way:
Coy April's blooming sister
 I claspt—the radiant May.

THE BRIDE:

AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON, 1864.

SHE stood arrayed among her bridemaids fair—

A lily, 'mid the lilies of the waters—

With myrtle 'twined among her golden hair,

The fairest maid of Carolina's daughters ;

And by her side the man who won her heart ;

Whom she had tended as a much-loved brother,

And healed his wounds, but felt herself the smart

That her flushed cheek in vain had tried to smother.

They stand the surpliced priest of God before,

And he, scarce heard above the cannon's thunder,

Has asked the maid, who loves him evermore,

If she'll him take, till death the band shall sunder.

"I will !" stood ready on her trembling lips ;

But, ere her tongue had fashioned the replying,

A bomb burst on them, with its dread eclipse,

And she among the stunned and dead lay dying.

While flowed the life-blood from her wounded breast,
As o'er a fading lily, bent the lover :
“ Let her be mine, ere yet her soul can rest :
Read on, O priest ! before the struggle's over.”

Her livid lips could scarcely word the “ Yes ; ”
Yet faint she smiled, as if to stanch their sorrow :
Still flowed life's stream adown her bridal dress,
That would enwrap her as a shroud the morrow.

Then o'er his Anna's corse he vengeance swore,
While yet the wail of sorrow broke around him,
He'll steep his sword to hilt in Yankee gore,
Till death and glory have with laurels crowned him.

Then, when the oath of vengeance he has kept,
And his bright sword's been dyed with crimson
slaughter,—
When with the gory myriads he has slept,
Then lay him down by Carolina's daughter.

THE BARD OF CASHMERE.

AWAY to the land where the lotus floats,
With its ever tremulant quiver—
Where the water nymphs in their silver boats
Live on in a blissful ever :

Where the long-haired cataracts, choked with foam,
Down Cashmere's vale are leaping ;
And the fitful gleam of the hurrying stream
From its glacier fount is sweeping.

The nightingale with her varied tale,
The twilight's footfalls hushing,
And the evening breeze through the myrtle-trees
O'er the limpid pools is rushing.

O'er the yellow fields of asphodel,
In the twilight dim descending,
Is heard the soft lyre's gentle swell
With the evening sweetly blending.

And the bulbul weaves pathetic tales
In fragrant beds of roses,
Whose incense loads the sighing gales,
Where the muse at eve reposes.

Cool on the brow the night airs come
From the icy peaks of the mountains,
With ethereal wings like whispering things,
And shake the drops from the fountains.

From their azure deeps in the mighty skies
The gems of pale night are peeping ;
And down below, with their diamond eyes,
Heaven's mirror'd stars watch are keeping.

Some mournful lay from yon myrtle bower
On the listening air is stealing ;
And the lyre's sad note to the silent hour
The depths of wild grief's revealing.

Of Cashmere's sons, in Cashmere's vale,
I wot that he is the fairest,
Who breathes to the lyre such a sweet, sad tale,
In music the sweetest and rarest.

The fireflies dance to the murmuring strings,
As his hands o'er the chords are flying ;
But they hang the while on their glittering wings,
When his bosom's o'erburdened with sighing.

Thus nightly he comes and sings to the dead,
And weeps on the grave of the sleeper ;
And the sweet nightingale is mute at his tread,
But mourns where the shadows grow deeper.

Some morrow will dawn on as faithful a pair
As e'er entered the grave's dark portals :
His cheek cold and pale on his brother's laid there,
And their spirits be with the immortals.

ST. ADALBERT.

A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

ADALBERT, hoar as the winter snows,
The benighted Czechs had roused
From their heathen trance, and the mystic cross
Had written upon their brows.

The king of day from his fiery car,
In the sultry breath of noon,
Scattered his arrows of golden light
On the sweating brow of June.

The agèd Saint, with his simple monks,
Half fainting on their way,
Succumbed to the unrelenting sun,
And beneath the lindens lay.

As was their wont each lay his head
Content on a pillow of stone ;
And the green turf was their lowly bed,
With the leaves around them strown.

Slumber soon came with her fingers light
To fasten their weary eyes ;
Curtained by leaves of the forest boughs,
And canopied by the skies.

Their sleep was light, like the sleep of a bird
Cradled amid the trees,
When the low murmur of forests comes
Across the summer breeze.

A rude Czech shepherd came piping down,
And startling the forest shades ;
The antlered deer from their mid-day couch
Fled down the opening glades.

The piper came where St. Adalbert slept
On his bed of turf and stone ;
And he piped with all a piper's power
In a ruder, louder tone.

Upstartd the Saint in unsaintly ire,—
His eye on the piping swain ;
“ Deafness seize thee ! thou boisterous churl,
For that wild mischievous strain.

“Dost thou not feel for Adalbert’s nerves ?
Or know that a saint has ears ?
Henceforth thou shalt go through the world alone
Tormented by phantom fears.”

As seized by some spell the shepherd felt ;
For the world grew strange and still ;
No sounds e’er entered again those ears,—
All fled at that saintly will.

From that day down through the teeming years
The shepherd forbears his song,
When he tempts the depths of Bohemian woods,
As the summer days grow long.

ONE OF THE WILD GENII OF THE
WOODS.

UNDERNEATH the birchen bough
 See that merry sprite,
 Jocund as the summer morn
 Bathed in golden light ;
 There beneath his silver shrine,
 Pennoned o'er with gold,
 Sits the lonely forest child
 Wrapt in many a fold,—
 Wrapt in russet mantle rare,
 Plucked from birchen trees,
 Woven with the choicest skill,
 Some wood nymph to please.

And his kirtle tricked with red
 From the ruddy beech,
 Yellow from the linden-tree
 Coupled each to each,

Russet from the sturdy oak,
 Green from summer bough,
 Made the careless forest sprite
 Dainty garb, I trow :
 Round about his shaggy head—
 Round his elfin locks—
 Claspings sprig of silver pine—
 Fillet was of box.

What a dainty feast has he !
 Wild fruits of the woods,—
 Gathered with no sparing hand
 From autumn's solitudes :—
 Acorns from the oaken bough,
 Purple juicy sloes,
 Nuts from humble hazel-tree,
 Crimson hips of rose,
 Haws, that blush the deepest red,
 Piled with bramble fruit,
 Chestnuts in their richest brown
 Stript of spiky suit.

These can tempt the dainty tooth
 Of that forest child,
 Plucked from autumn's luscious store,
 In the woodland wild ;

Heaped on leaves of sycamore,
 Nature's plate of gold,
 There the glad year's richest fruits
 Glowing you behold.
 See, the frisking squirrel there,
 Perched on yonder tree,
 Tells me, with his longing eye,
 Willing guest would be.

Little, feasting, happy sprite !
 Where's thy mossy bed,
 Lit by autumn's full-orbed moon,
 Where thou lay'st thine head ?
 Yonder hollow beechen tree,
 Arms thrown high in air,
 Holds thy mossy forest-bed ;
 Snugly rest thee there.
 Safe from autumn's anger-gusts,
 Safe from chilly night,
 Rest thee, in thy beechen home,
 Till the dawning light.

Wanton boy ! say, whence that zone,
 Woven with matchless art,
 Which thou clasp'st in ecstasy
 Wildly to thy heart ;

Woven by finger of wood-nymph,
In the May just flown,
Seated in the dancing shades,
'Mid the flowers, alone ;
And thou stol'st her fairy work
When she lay asleep ;
When none save bird, on trembling bough,
Saw the pilferer creep.

Should the summer bring again
Nature's fairy queen,
Roving through the woodlands wild,
Decked with freckled green,
Dwelling by the birchen bough,
In the mid-day sun,
Skipping down the dewy glades,
When the day is done,
Wilt thou hang that zone again
High on yonder pine,
Where the sinking summer sun's
Fading beams last shine ?

Much I love thy forest home,
In the autumn noon,
And at eve, when through the trees
Gleams the cold, lone moon !

When the glades are strewn with light,
 Where the dew-beads lie,
 Pure as friendship's hallowed tear,
 Glistening in the eye ;
 When the sere and yellow leaves
 Rustle to my tread,
 And their tiny echoes seem
 Voices from the dead !

Much I fear the winter's cold
 Round thy home will creep,
 Through thy shelt'ring moss and leaves,
 And molest thy sleep.
 Stop each crevice ; for the north
 Sends his chilling breath,
 Turns each teardrop into ice ;
 Sleepers sleep in death.
 Clothe he will thy hoary home
 Beautiful with snow,
 And the sparkling icicle
 To the moon will glow.

Keep thee safe, then, merry sprite !
 Till the winter's o'er,
 Till the gladsome breath of spring
 Warms our southern shore.

Winter's shrieking, cruel blasts
Round thee rave in vain ;
There defy the driving sleet,
Ice, and snow, and rain.
Should thy winter's store grow low,
Seek the squirrel's hoard,
Garnered in some aged trunk,
And replete thy board.

Farewell, then, thou forest child !
Seek thy leafy bed ;
For the sun on yonder sea
Dyes the waves with red,
And the mists of night creep up,
Ghostlike, through the glades,
Like as on some battle-field
Tread the heroes' shades.
Farewell, till the April morn
Weeps o'er vales of flowers,
Nurtured by her tender hand
For summer's balmy hours.

THE TINKER OF SWAFFHAM, AND HIS
DOG.

A NORFOLK LEGEND.

LAST night I saw the young moon
With her mother in her arms ;
And I thought she looked the lovelier
In her soft and silvery charms.

She rode full high on a southern sky
In the stiffening western breeze ;
And I saw the flakes of pale, soft light
Play over the forest trees.

'Twas on such a night in Swaffham,
Far back in the years long dead,
That the village Tinker dreamed a dream
As he lay on his humble bed.

Some curious tongue in his drowsy ear
To the sleeper whispering spake,
“ Go, haste thee, Tinker, to London Bridge
Ere the dappled morn's awake.

“There shall some stranger tongue thee tell
Words fraught with thy earthly weal ;
Thy dog shall bear thee company :
Away, ere the daybreak, steal.”

But he heeded not the curious tongue
In the early matin beam ;
It was but the vapour of the brain,
That had wrought an idle dream.

So the Tinker thought ; but again and again
The wondrous tongue returned ;
So far away on his journey was he
When the sun up the orient burned.

With his wondrous dog he hurried on
Till old Father Thames was seen
Rolling his waters proudly on,
In the depth of the sunset sheen.

So the following day he paced the bridge
Till the blood-red sun went down ;
But no stranger tongue his ear addressed
’Mong the myriads of the town.

And he called himself a simple fool
 To list to an idle dream ;
 For he thought of the many weary miles
 'Twixt home and that ancient stream.

He turned once more in the thickening dusk,
 Farewell of old Thames to take,
 When a stranger voice accosted him :
 Right curiously it spake.—

“ Stranger, I’ve watched this wearisome day
 Thy pace with curious eye ;
 Why trod ye this bridge in the burning sun ?
 I pray thee come tell me why.”

“ My friend,” said the Tinker, “ at Swaffham, I
 Three nights had a foolish dream ;
 A voice mysterious bade me come
 To the bridge that spans this stream.

“ Here a tongue to me as yet unknown
 Should tell me words of weal :
 Lest I be the jest of my native town,
 I’ll back through the darkness steal.”

“Strange !” said the tall, mysterious form,
“For I likewise dreamed of you,—
If you’re the Tinker of Swaffham,
As I guess by your coat of blue.

“A voice spake soft in my drowsy ear,
‘To Swaffham, sleeper, go,
When light streams down the opal skies,
And floods the hills below.

“‘In the park an ancient oak you’ll find,—
The last of his race is he ;
The bolt of heaven his limbs hath riven ;
He’s a knotted giant tree.

“‘On his noontide front—a cloth-yard’s length
Dig deep with pick and spade ;
For a priceless treasure there lies hid
Beneath that ancient shade.’

“But methinks it is an idle tale,
Whispered by jesting sprite ;
And I’ll hie me back to Twickenham
In the deepening shades of night.”

98 THE TINKER OF SWAFFHAM, AND HIS DOG.

Then with hopeful step the Tinker sought
His humble Norfolk cot
With his cur at his heels—but to neighbours' ear
Of the dreams he whispered not.

And before the morn was half awake,
With his mattock and his spade,
In search of the forest's hoary sire
He hurried down the glade.

For well he knew the gnarled old king
With his broad majestic crown ;
There in the twilight oft he'd played
With the youth of Swaffham town.

There he had mocked the hooting owl,
Till the echoes caught the cry,—
Had watched beyond the distant hills
The crimson-flooded sky.

He gained the spot as the early dawn
Peeped over the dewy lea ;
And he stood, where oft in youth he'd stood,
Under that gnarled old tree.

And when the sun with his golden eye
Looked over the glistening plain,
The Tinker beneath those sturdy roots
Was delving with might and main.

His dog stood by with his knowing look,—
One foot on his master's bag ;
He'd have wagged his tail with real delight,
If he'd had one to wag.

Deeper and deeper in the soil
The Tinker delved and sweat,
Till his strength and hopes were growing faint :
But the delver ceased not yet.

At last 'mid the huge oak's deepest roots,
Astonished there he found
An iron box, with many a clasp,
And with many a rivet bound.

And then with many a heave and tug
To drag it from its rest,
With beating heart, on the dewy sod
He laid the weighty chest.

The soil flung back, and the sods reset,
 To his cot he bent his way,
 Ere the village rustics were awake
 For toil of the risen day.

With a feverish strain he burst the bands,
 And lifted the creaking lid :
 What a prize untold of ancient gold
 That ancient shade had hid !

“ But the iron lid—some wondrous tongue
 Is verily writ thereon ;
 For, of all the barbarous signs, I trow
 There’s none like them under the sun !

“ I’ll hang it above my cottage door
 The rustic to amaze :
 And the traveller he will stop with awe
 When it meets his upturned gaze.”

There long it creaked in the blustering winds,—
 To the wild storm shrieking by :
 ’Twas a mystery to the rustic mind—
 But it met an Hebrew eye.

“ Well, Gentile,” said the wandering Jew,
 “ What mean ye then by this ? ”
“ ’Tis a curious lid of ancient date ;
 Pray read me what it is.”

“ I read there in our sacred tongue,
 ‘ SEEK FURTHER, AND YOU’LL FIND.’ ”
“ Is that then all, ye cunning Jew ?
 Go, tell it to the wind.”

But the Tinker sought in the early dawn ;
 Fresh hoards of wealth he found,
All snugly hid in banded chests :—
 In truth ’twas golden ground.

And he doffed full soon the tinker garb,
 And the tinker’s art forsook ;
For his dog he wrought a collar of gold—
 That dog with the wondrous look.

He raised to heaven the sacred fane,
 Where his image in stone still lies ;
And his wondrous dog sleeps at his feet,—
 But he’s robbed of his golden eyes.



THE GLORY OF SUMMER.

Ah ! the glory of summer
Is faded and fled,
All her beauties lie scentless,
And withered, and dead ;
For her smile on the mountains
The aged year sighs,
And he mourns ever after
The light of her eyes.

Oh ! how sweet was the summer
Just faded and flown,
That has left me to wander
These wild woods alone !
Oh ! how bright were her garments
Of daintiest green,
Spread abroad in the sunlight—
The robes of a queen !

All her beauties are sleeping
 Beneath the dull sod,
Till the footstep of Winter
 Has over them trod ;
Peace be to their slumbers,
 While round howls the blast—
Till they wake to the sunshine,
 When chill Winter's past.

And ye birds of the forest,
 That revelled in song—
Blithesome, happy wood-minstrels,
 The green leaves among !
O how oft have I listened
 Entranced with your lay,
That arose from the deep shades
 At the dawn of the day.

Now are ye all silent,
 All songless or flown,
Save the poor robin redbreast,
 With grief in its tone :
For the glory of summer
 Together we shared ;
Then why leave me in autumn,
 When wild woods are bared ?

Then come, ye wood minstrels,
On some barren spray,
Through the deep-sounding woods,
Pour one tender lay.
Farewell to the summer !
Its glory is fled ;
And I see a strange trembling
'Mong the leaves overhead.

O ! thou queen of the sunshine,
With radiant brow ;
O ! come tell me, O ! tell me,
Say, why fleddest thou ?
Thou wast glorious, O Summer !
The golden leaves tell ;
But their soft, muffled echoes
Sound like thy death-knell.

With thy beauty thou fleddest
Across the blue seas
To some happier climate,
Where sweets load the breeze—
Where the valleys grow luscious
Beneath thy bright gaze,
And the wild hills re-echo
With pæans of praise.

Ah, then, farewell, O loved one !

Since hence thou hast flown,
And left the sad minstrel

To mourn thee alone ;
Yet I'll hail thy returning,
When over yon hills
I behold thy fair mantle—
Thy flash on these rills.

Yes, as swift as the summer

Will youth pass away ;
Even now it is sowing
The seeds of decay :
But though winter will lay them
Like leaves on the sod,
Yet the dead will revive at
The voice of their God.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

I LOVED a little bright-eyed girl,
With face as fair as day ;
The sinking sun from each loose curl
Unwilling stole away.

Down in the yellow cowslip meads
Methinks I see her still,
Among the browsing kine and steeds,
Bounding from rill to rill ;

Among the golden buttercups,
Or violets' deepest blue,
Or heather flower, that nightly sups
On nectar drops of dew.

Still to my ear her little shout
Comes ringing through the wood,
When first she found young Echo out
In his sylvan solitude.

To hear her shout, then shout again,
Then listen for reply ;
Till shout and echo on the plain
Seemed lost in harmony.

Last spring upon the daisied lawn
Brimful of life she trod ;
But spring has passed, and she is gone
To sleep beneath the sod.

She waited till her sisters two
Had passed the gates of death ;
Then closed those stainless eyes of blue,
And yielded back her breath.

No more among the glorious flowers
Her tiny foot will stray ;
No more she'll glad the happy hours,
Or chase the summer day.

I felt she was too frail for earth,
To bear life's woe and pain ;
She came to stir us with her mirth,
And now she's gone again.



That smile of hers none could forget—
That playful, sunny smile ;
Its radiance lingers with me yet,
Though moved with pain the while.

But with the harping cherubs she,
I trust, is singing now—
The mother and her daughters three,
With radiance round each brow.

O sisters ! you'll forgive the tear
Your memories from me crave ;
Although I could not wet your bier,
I'll shed it on your grave.

There, side by side, how calm ye sleep !
Oh, may I rest my head
When life is o'er, in earth as deep,
And in as calm a bed !

FLOW SWEETLY ON.

Flow sweetly on, thou ever-murmuring river !
Melodious breathings on thy ripples quiver,
And moonbeams nightly on thee dance and shiver,
Like light on a silver lyre.

Oft eve's red beams over yon forests streaming,
Through many a cloud-built bastion richly gleaming,
Have found the lonely poet, musing, dreaming,
Touched with Parnassian fire.

Oh ! soothe him now, who sits beside yon willow,
With earth's green velvet for his seat and pillow,
And at his feet the lilies white and yellow,
That close with the setting sun.

Oh ! soothe him now, the sorrowing, dreaming
sleeper ;

Paint fancy's gorgeous plumes with colours deeper
Than yon rich sunset, till the silent weeper
Some glorious vision's won.

He stirs, he wakes ; among the few lone mortals
Who have the golden key of fancy's portals
Is he, whose spirit dwells with the immortals,
In ecstasy sublime.

Yet there's within a heart of bitter sorrow,
That e'er is yearning for the coming morrow ;
But from his eye no glimpse of it you'd borrow,
To tell to unborn time.

He's young in years ; but an eternal aching,
His widowed spirit from its mansion breaking,
In constant longings is, for the awaking
To its everlasting flight.

Some eve, e'en such as this, with splendour glowing,
E'en such as joyed his soul to overflowing,
Will miss his tread ; the green grass o'er him growing
Will wave in the mellowing night.

BRITANNIA AND LOCHLIN;

OR,

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HARK ! the glad sound of merry bells
Is floating on the sun-lit air ;
On the waking breeze it sinks and swells,
And finds an echo everywhere.
Adown old Windsor's verdant slope
It revels, frantic with delight ;
And joy, half wild, is linked with hope,
And both in marriage garb bedight.
'Tis the bridal day of England's heir,
Of Britain's hope and future king.
Oh, may some happy spirit bear
Our prayers to heaven on golden wing !

Ring out, thou gladsome peal,
O'er palace, hall, and cot,
That Britons in their hearts may feel
A joy that flaggeth not.

Ring out, ring out, ye merry bells,
Fling music on the breeze,
For Lochlin's bosom joyous swells
Beyond the northern seas ;
For she hath sent a beauteous bride
Across the pearly foam—
The Royal daughter of the North,
To glad a British home.
Ye noble Britons, welcome her,
Stretch forth the generous hand,
And hail the Princess o'er the wave
That seeks this sea-girt land.
O England, 'wake thy thunders ;
Ye heroes of the main,
Who plough the stormy ocean,
Bid the cannons roar again ;
Let deck to deck reply,
And thundering gun to gun,
Let ocean answer the sky
Till the dip of the reddening sun.
O merrily dance, ye bells,
In every reeling tower,
And while the music fitful swells,
Gladden the nuptial hour.
Break forth in songs of gladness ;
For joy ecstatic springs,

And lights the brow of sadness
With his radiant, golden wings.
O clear the land of sorrow,
Give happiness the sway;
If grief should cloud the morrow,
Make this a happy day.
Hail! Princess bright and fair!
Hail! o'er the deep blue sea!
'Mid all the fair ones of the North
There's none that rivals thee.
O may'st thou prove a jewel,
As dear to England's heart
As SHE who holds the sceptre,
For whom we e'en would part
With all we hold as precious,
Would shed life's crimson blood,
Would die for Queen and country
On battle-field or flood.
May noble monarchs spring from thee—
A long and goodly line,
To watch o'er Britain's destinies,—
In kingly virtues shine.
In golden words on history's page
May Alexandra fair
Be seen, that every unborn age
May bless her presence there.

And thou, O Albert Edward,
 Forgive the daring muse,
That longs to see thee tread the paths
 Thy honoured Sire did choose.
And when the voice from heaven
 Shall summon home our Queen,
To meet her Consort in the skies
 With angel garb and mien,—
When she shall change her earthly crown
 For one more beauteous far
Than ever pressed a royal brow,
 Heavy with diamond star,—
When thou shalt fill the kingly throne,
 May Britain prove to thee
As true, as loyal as to her,
 And thou her glory be !
May Heaven shower its blessings
 Upon your youthful heads,
• And virtue lend a lustre
 More bright than glory sheds !

O shout, ye joyous people,
 With a right good earnest will,
While the wild notes from the steeple
 The ringing valleys fill.

Ye warriors, wave your standards,
Ye sailors, raise a cry,
Till camp, and fleet, and city
Ring pæans round the sky.
This day will gladden millions,—
Bring sunshine to the heart ;
And to some future agèd eye
The tear of joy will start,
When it recalls from memory's scroll
Our Albert's bridal day,—
Sees down the long-forgotten years
This dazzling bright array.
And pray, O thankful Britons,
That God beneath His care
Will take our King expectant,
And bless the wedded pair.

THE PROGENY OF TIME.

How fast the busy thoughts crowd o'er my brain !
As fast the precious little moments run—
The gold-dust in the sands of human life ;
And then the young-eyed minutes, skipping on,
With rosy cheeks, and brows all bathed in light,
Lead up the circling dance, nor dream of care.
The slower-footed hours—a soberer train—
Come softly treading down this tearful vale ;
While ceaseless sweeping round this nether world,
The day and night close on each other's skirts,—
Each half divides this space-careering sphere,
Whilst daughter twilight clasps the mutual bond.
And then the heavy, lazy weeks and months
Roll round, but certain as the seasons they,
Who dance unwearied through the varying round,—
Who close the rear, and usher on the scene
The strong, athletic, iron-visaged year,
That comes attended by his motley train,—

March with his cheeks blown big with blustering winds,—

A big-voiced ruffian shouting through the land ;

Then meek-eyed April bathèd in her tears,

Then blushing May—her head adorned with flowers,

Her kirtle silvered with the light of morn,

And cheeks as ruddy as the sunset cloud ;

Then June in all his vigour ushers in

The bright-eyed Summer clothed in sprightliest green.

At length December—darling of his sire,

Comes driving down upon the furious blast,

The snow-cloud wrapped about his giant form.

Years with their hosts of sons creep silent on,

And generations rise and fall—are born—

And die—drop like the sickening Autumn leaves ;

Till slow at length the hoary centuries wane—

The bald old patriarchs of the agèd Past,—

And worlds wax old—time-eaten to the core ;

Till eras sweep up from the dread abyss—

Eternity's dim, awful, silent depths,

Coeval with the dread Eternal One.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE shy gazelle is slaking,
On Judah's lonely hills,
As the morn is o'er them breaking,
His thirst by murmuring rills :
And the day-star fast is paling,
And faster wanes the night ;
Each gladsome stream is hailing
Those flashing streams of light.

He shuns no bristling quiver,
He fears no rattling bow ;
The hand is gone for ever
That ever proved his foe :
For now the hills are silent,
And silent is the plain :
Until that bitter curse is spent
Silent they must remain.



How fondly Judah's daughters
 Caressed thy gentle head !
Their voices, sweet as waters,
 Are silent as the dead.
With gentleness o'erflowing,
 There met thy timid eye
Dark eyes, with beauty glowing,
 Beneath a fervid sky.

Far on the sunny mountain,
 When day was on the wane,
By some palm-circled fountain,
 That sparkled on the plain,
Thou heard'st the clash of cymbals,—
 Some ancient Hebrew hymn
Rose round the lutes and timbrels,
 Into the twilight dim.

But the lyre is on the willows,
 Those virgin tongues are mute ;
An exile o'er the billows
 Can string no tender lute :
Dumb is the song of gladness,
 Tears fill those virgin eyes ;
Each brow has gathered sadness,
 Each bosom heaves with sighs.



Ah, wild gazelle ! with sorrow
Thy bright eye thou may'st fill ;
'Twill be a long to-morrow,
Ere on the sacred hill,
Those wandering steps returning
From some far-distant land,
Their glad hearts strongly yearning,
Shall stretch the welcome hand.

Some hand may yet caress thee
Of Judah's royal race,
Some joyous voice may bless thee
From Zion's sacred place :
And thou may'st hear the mountains
Throw back the joyful strain,—
From Jordan's glittering fountains
To Mamre's sunny plain.

And gladness yet shall hover
Where desolation reigns,
The laughing sod shall cover
These bare and blasted plains :
While Judah's daughters singing
Shall fill the land with mirth,
And every valley ringing
With joy shall fill the earth.

THE VIOLET.

I LOVE the blue-eyed Violet,
That perfumes yonder vale ;
A living sapphire there 'tis set
Beside the Primrose pale.

On weeping April's fickle skies
How coy it looks and smiles !
And still its blue intensifies,
Like that round ocean's isles.

O Evening, close thou tenderly
This fragrant humble flower ;
But leave that tear-drop in its eye
Left by some April shower.

Thou blue-eyed darling of the Spring,
Born when the clouds of sleet
Charged down upon the wild winds' wing,
With the ring of their icy feet.

In summer's flowery solitudes
I, sighing, look for thee ;
But thou art gone : the leafy woods
Thy dwelling may not be.

O fragrant as the violet's breath
Is the memory of the Just ;
Like it 'tis sweeter after death
Has lain them in the dust.

NOTES.

NOTE A.

*Though memory bears the wandering muse
Back to the swan-specked Thames.*

No one who visits the banks of the Thames, especially during the summer, can fail to observe how much the swans, gliding on the glassy surface of the water, or asleep by the sedgy margin, tend to enhance the beauty of the scenes. I have particularly noticed them between Henley-on-Thames and Marlow, where the Chiltern Hills come down to the very river's brink.

NOTE B.

*Once, on these hills, the red-haired Dane
The Saxon arm defied.*

"The beautiful spot of ground called Kingley Bottom is equally divided between West Stoke and the adjoining parish of Lavant. Yew trees abound, which are rarely equalled for number and luxuriant vegetation. It is conjectured that this is the site of that dreadful slaughter of the marauding Danes by the men of Chichester, of which Chroniclers speak as having happened about the year 900. Their sea-kings, or piratical chiefs, were then probably slain, and interred in the barrow on the summit."—*Dallaway's Western Sussex.*

"During these transactions, Alfred had reached Exeter, with so much expedition, that the invaders, disconcerted by his unexpected presence, raised the siege of the town with precipitation, hastened to their ships, and committed themselves once more to the chance of the ocean. On their return round the southern shore, they attacked Chichester, on the coast of Sussex; but the brave citizens repulsed them to the sea, slaying many hundreds, and

taking some ships."—*Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons*, Vol. I., p. 277.

Again in 994, Olave Tryggva's son, King of Norway, and Svein, King of Denmark, with ninety-four ships, after being repelled at London, ravaged the maritime parts of Sussex and Hampshire, as well as Essex and Kent.—See *Saxon Chronicles*, 94, 96, 128.

NOTE C.

*And here within a barrow sleeps
Cadwalla's kingly foe.*

"These are the tumuli or burying-places of the mighty dead. The Vikings and the daring Northmen are lying there ; the killed in the fearful struggle when Edelwalch, King of the Southern Saxons, and Cadwalla, the exiled noble of Wessex, met here in terrible conflict ; and tradition says that in the southern barrow King Edelwalch, the vanquished, lies entombed, with his arms and his chieftains around him."—*The Valley of the Ems*, by C. J. Longcroft, Esq.

NOTE D.

A pile well known to him.

Racton Monument, built by Lord Halifax, as a pleasure-house, but now ivied and in ruins.

NOTE E.

Bryan, second Lord Cullen, after being espoused to one of the Trenthams of Staffordshire, travelled into Italy where he won the affections of an Italian lady, and she deserted her. On his return to England he married, and the deserted one made her appearance in the manner described in the legend. Lady Cullen died in the reign Charles II., and was buried in Kettering Church.

THE END.

John Ford, Printer, Stamford.



